I replied: "You are a soldier and subject to the same law as anybody here. . . ."

Somebody shouted, "Wirt, do as you are told. There has been enough trouble."

I walked toward the line of tanks. Wirt followed me. The operation that threatened to become a tragedy ended peacefully. Wirt was confined to division headquarters. Order was restored in the regiment, and the commander and officers returned to their posts, accepting the soldiers' apology. A new regimental committee was elected and the men went back to routine service. It was again a regiment like any other—neither very good nor exceptionally bad.

Wirt remained under arrest in the division headquarters. Three weeks later I received a long letter from him. After apologizing for the trouble he had caused, the sergeant volunteered his advice on the best ways to run an army. Simple men, he wrote, like to be treated with firmness. If they notice they can get away with any kind of foolishness, they will try to. He therefore advised introducing corporal punishment into the army.

This was the only case in which we had to display force to break a revolt. In all, we arrested some ten or twelve troublemakers, but we did not bring a single case to trial. We did not want to expose ourselves to the danger of sabotage by the judicial branch and acquittal of the defendant by a soldiers' jury.

A CORPS COMMANDER

The Iskosol asked me to persuade the commander of the army to remove his aide, General Baltisky, and also General Boldyrev, commander of the 43rd Corps. I told General Parsky about this demand.

"I know both men well," he said. "Baltisky talks too much politics. This is not good in his position. Write me an official letter, and I shall find some arrangement satisfactory to all parties. But Boldyrev . . . have you met him? No? Then I ask you to meet him before we discuss his case. I'll call him up and tell him that, at my request, you will visit his corps tomorrow."

And he added with a sly smile, "Boldyrev does not like the new order in the army, but I fancy you will like him and he will like you."

The next morning I drove to the headquarters of the 43rd Corps, in a farmhouse in a small hamlet, Stript, close to the front. Boldyrev was a man in his late forties, not tall but very broad-shouldered, with a broad pock-marked face, bushy eyebrows, and a short and broad beard—a typical Russian muzhik. His manner betrayed a man ac-